

Pilgrim Joe's Patent Remedy

A Few Words About His Pain Alleviator—Letters to Prove Its Value.

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ON several occasions since I begun writing my life for the benefit of those who may come after me I have referred, in the most modest and delicate manner, to my Pilgrim Pain Alleviator. While waiting for a new stock to arrive, and being laid up with a boil on my leg at the same time, I propose to take advantage of the opportunity to make the public further acquainted with the merits of my wonderful remedy.

In the first place, my Alleviator has nothing whatever to do with roots, herbs and barks. It is composed wholly of drugs and chemicals and can be used either to commit suicide or get well on.

As the sole and original inventor, I am not around telling people what they had better do in the matter. It is my business to sell the Alleviator to any one having the cash.

In the second place, where the Alleviator fails to cure it is like falling off a bridge into the water. If you don't drown, you've had the experience anyway.

I claim for my remedy that it is good for either sex or any color, and that it can be given to the babe in the cradle or the old man in the chimney corner. Many so called remedies are afloat that will not touch the case of an Indian or a colored man. Mine includes everybody, even the members of the beef trust.

You don't have to keep in a cool nor a hot place—down cellar nor upstairs. Any old place will do. It is like interest on money in a savings bank—working away for you nights, Sundays and holidays.

No flies settle on the corks of my bottles. Every cork is treated until it can be warranted nonflyable. This fact alone is as good as a mark down sale.

The bottles are made extra strong, and when the Alleviator is all gone they can be used for elderberry wine or to knock down harvest apples with. A murderer in Joliet prison writes me that they are far better than a sand bag as a weapon to kill a country constable with.

My Alleviator can be taken on a full stomach, an empty stomach or on no stomach at all, and that is one of my strong points. You don't have to carry the bottle around in your coat tail pocket and wait for something to happen. Just pull the cork with your teeth and begin to feel that life is worth the living.

J. B. of Milwaukee writes me: "I found a bottle of your Alleviator under



"A COUNCIL OF THREE DOCTORS SAID I HAD TAPEWORM."

a saw log and took the contents at two doses. I have been a different man since. I was as near the grave as a critter could be, but now I weigh 200 pounds and can put any man in the county on his back."

Mrs. J. of Chicago writes: "I had been a widow for seven years, and every man I got after got away, when a friend recommended your Alleviator. I had no faith in it, but sent on my money, and I had taken only three doses of the remedy when a Scandinavian came along and proposed marriage, and I had him fastened for life within twenty-four hours. He has a mouth large enough for a horse. If you have any remedy for that please send it along."

Peter Jones of Ellendale, N. D., writes: "For twenty-three years I was called the laziest man in Dickey county. I even got too lazy to tell a good lie when the crowd of us gathered at the grocery in the evening. I was asked to take two doses of your Alleviator and was too lazy to refuse. Within ten minutes I was home chopping wood for the first time in my life and was up at 8 o'clock next morning making garden. I am so full of energy and ambition that I can't keep still. Your remedy has changed my whole future, and if you are ever in this part of the country I want the privilege of shaking hands with you. My wife is down on her knees thanking heaven as I write this."

There are certain druggists who will tell you that something else is just as good as my Alleviator. Call them liars at once. Nothing ever invented can take the place of it.

I have been asked if the feeling of exultation that comes after the first dose has been about five minutes due to alcohol. It is not. The effects are not temporary, but permanent.

Where you find a tin peddler offering

a so called Pilgrim Pain Alleviator be ware of him. His pans will leak and the handle come off his dippers. His Alleviator is a fraud, composed mostly of ginger and molasses.

If you have a headache, If you have a backache, If you have flying pains, If you feel despondent, If the bank has refused to renew your note,

If you have been thrown down kerplunk, If life seems to be one drear and sandy waste,

If you have anything all you, physically or mentally, from a soft corner on your toe to disappointment in matrimony, don't wait for the ice of next January. Send to the nearest druggist for a bottle of the Alleviator. If the druggist says he doesn't keep it and wouldn't be found dead with it on his shelves, send direct to me. I will not only forward the Alleviator by express, but hire some angular cuss in your immediate neighborhood to punch that druggist's head.

Why dawdle your life away when one bottle will give you the ambulation of Napoleon?

Why suffer physically or mentally when the very first dose will make you feel like raising the hired girl's wages?

If kicked by a mule, If kicked by a man, If blown up on a steamboat, If you have been lied about, If you have been slandered,

If you have lost your dog or your wife has eloped,

If anything has happened besides the hogs getting into the garden and rooting up the potatoes, then turn to my Pilgrim Pain Alleviator and forget it.

Henry Shine of Racine writes me: "My gratitude is such that you may make free use of my name. Two months ago a council of three doctors said I had tapeworm. Thereupon my wife ran away, some one stole my dog and the house burned down. It was supposed by all that I could not survive the shock, but unknown to me a friend of mine sent to you for a bottle of your Alleviator. After taking four doses I chased the doctors out of town. After taking one bottle I found my dog, and before the third bottle was gone I had overhauled my wife, boxed her ears and made arrangements for a new and better house. No other remedy but yours could have acted in this manner, and I want the world to get the benefit of my experience."

Do not delay. Keep a bottle of the Alleviator in the house. If used in time it will quench an incipient conflagration.

Look for the picture of Pilgrim Joe on the wrapper. See that his name is blown in the glass. M. QUAD.

A Second Knockout.
"I know well enough, fellow citizens," exclaimed the fierce browed, shaggy haired orator, "that the views I advocate are not popular. Not ten days ago, while advocating them from a public platform, I was struck in the head by a brick and knocked senseless."

"Why didn't you wait till you got your sense back before you went to talking again?" inquired a man in the outskirts of the crowd in a loud, raucous voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Narrow Escape.
"My baby," said the husband of a prominent club and society woman, "had a narrow escape yesterday."
"Indeed!" exclaimed the friend of the family. "How was that?"
"The nursegirl thoughtlessly left it alone with its mother for nearly an hour," explained the husband and father.—Chicago News.

She Auto Stop This.
Miss Filip—Mr. Munn's auto is worth a million dollars.
Miss Wunder—What? An automobile worth that much?
Miss Filip—Who said anything about an automobile? I meant his autograph.—Baltimore American.

Not Equal.
"Do you think time is money?" said Bliffson.
"Can't be," replied Bangs. "They say there's no end to time—and I'm broke."—Detroit Free Press.



Hubby's Joke.

Mr. Waggs—You wouldn't think it would you, but she's in love with a man who'd sink to any depth for money.
Mrs. Waggs—Gracious, a prize fighter?
Mr. Waggs—No, a diver.

The Spirit of Reform.

I'm goin' to be a better boy Than I have ever been before. I'm goin' to be a greater joy To ma an' love her more an' more. I'm goin' to work an' never rest No matter how I want to play. I'm going to do my very best—Till after circus anyway.

When pa asks me if I won't run An errand for him, even w'en Th' game were playin' ain't quite done, I'll start off just as quick, an' then He'll be surpris'd I think I don't say, "After 'wile." An' I won't say, "I'd rather not," or, "Can't," or, "Won't!"—Till after circus anyway.

No matter if the work is hard, I'll never make a fuss at all. I'll pile the wood an' rake th' yard No matter if they're playin' ball. An' w'en they call me in at night I won't stand out in front an' say, "Oh, just a minute more!" "Tain't right!"—Till after circus anyway.

No matter if there's lots o' pie, I won't eat for another piece. I'll fold my napkin up w'en I Get done an' say, "Excuse me, please."

I'll try to keep as nice an' clean As a boy ought to be an' pray Not ever to be cross an' mean—Till after circus anyway.

An' then w'en it comes circus day I'll just pretend that I forget. An' w'en ma looks at me I'll say, "I didn't know it's comin' yet!" An' then she'll sort o' smile at me. But I'll just work an' never say A word, cus that's th' way to be—Till after circus anyway.

Then maybe she'll tell pa how I Just worked an' how I never knew Th' big parade was comin' by At ten o'clock an' how at two Th' big show opens, an' then he Will take a dollar out an' say I'm 'bout as good as boys can be—Till after circus anyway. —J. W. Foley in New York Times.

Between Meal Munchings.

An undoubted menace to health is the continual munchings of youngsters and grownups. The child spends his penny or nickel at the fruit stand or the confectioner's or baker's, where, more often than not, the wares are adulterated, open to dust from the street or stuffy apartments. The mother takes the edge from her dinner appetite by midafternoon confections and ices and teas. At the table wholesome substantial are passed by for toothsome deserts because stomachs have been already overtaxed and taste is the only incentive to eating. The result is dyspepsia and its train of ills, or, if nothing so apparent ensues, nerve and brain force are weakened. The good old rule, "three meals a day and no between meals," of orthodox mothers who are now grandmothers carried into effect today would set many a disordered brain held right and revolutionize the disposition of many a man, woman and child.

Wampum as Currency.

A curious old document showing how shells in the shape of wampum deteriorated as currency on Manhattan Island is found among the minutes of the court of burgomasters and schepens of May, 1650, at the meeting in Fort Amsterdam, New Netherlands. The account reads: "Whereas we see and for some time have seen the decline and depreciation of the loose wampum, among which is found much unpierced and only half finished, made of stone, glass, bone, shells, horn—nay, even of wood and broken—therefore we have resolved that henceforth no loose wampum shall be current unless strung upon a wire. Trade wampum shall pass as good pay as heretofore at the rate of six white or three black beads for 1 silver (2 cents). Done, resolved and decided this 30th of May, 1650, at our meeting in Fort Amsterdam, New Netherlands."

Rats as an Article of Diet.

Rats have never found favor as a delicacy for the table in Europe or in this country, but in many lands they are relished as an article of diet. The negro slaves of Jamaica used to regard them as a dainty, their masters not providing them with any other meat. Their method of cooking the toothsome rodents was to impale each one on a long wooden skewer after cleaning the animal and cutting off the tail, turning it briskly around over a fire until the hair was all burned off. Then it was scraped until free from fur, and finally the end of the skewer was stuck into the ground, inclined toward the fire, until it was toasted dry and crisp, thus being made ready for the meal. Rats may commonly be seen for sale in the markets of any Chinese town, split and pressed under a heavy weight, so as to look somewhat like dried fish. In this shape the pigtailed oriental buys them, soaks them in water and then boils, roasts or fries them.

The Deal He Wanted.

"I expect a great deal from you," he said as he looked knowingly at the gentleman across the table.
"All right," replied the other. And he dealt him four kings, but had the forethought to deal four aces to himself.—Baltimore American.

Alas, Ye!

A humble tailor Death had caught Within his clutches grim. Yet by his grave we stood and thought How much we owed him. —Philadelphia Press.

Cures Winter Cough.

J. E. Grover, 101 N. Main street, Ottawa, Kas., writes: "Every fall it has been my wife's trouble to catch a severe cold, and therefore to cough all winter long. Last fall I got her a bottle of Horehound Syrup. She used it and has been able to sleep soundly all night long. Whenever the cough troubles her, two or three doses stops the cough, and she is able to be up and well." 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold by Frank Hart, druggist.

The Story of a Deed.

In his "Duelling Stories of the Sixteenth Century" Brantome, a French writer, says that two French captives, though old friends, fell out and fought. One of them was disabled. "The other, being untouched, observed: 'There, that's enough for old friends like us. You'd better go and attend to your wounds.' To this the vanquished one replied: 'Well, you might as well do a bit more for me. Just pretend to be wounded and wear your arm in a sling for a day or two, so that I needn't be considered disgraced nor any question of that come up when they want to reconcile us—that is, if I survive.' And the victorious friend sneared some of the other's blood on his arm and went about saying that he was wounded, but it was a mere nothing, and he only wished his friend were the same. The latter recovered with some difficulty, and they were afterward as good friends as before."

Does Education Pay?

That is what a loving but sometimes cynical New York mother is asking. "We have at last completed the education of our son and heir," she says. "He has been graduated with sufficient honors from college. He has been sent abroad for finish, culture and experience, and now that he is home again we are starting him in business life. He has begun in a downtown office and may be gaining much experience and laying a sound business foundation, but as far as I can find out he spends the greater part of his time in licking postage stamps for a pittance a week. While the pride of the family is doing this we are paying our chef \$100 a month and expenses, and now I ask: Does education pay?"—New York Times.

Cures Chills and Fever.

G. W. Wirt, Nacogdoches, Texas, says: "His daughter had chills and fever for three years; he could not find anything that would help her till he used Herbine. His wife will not keep house without it, and cannot say too much for it." 50c. Sold by Frank Hart, druggist.

The Astorian, 75 cents a month.

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SKIN DISEASES

Altoona, Pa., June 20, 1903.

I was afflicted with Tetter in bad shape. It would appear in blotches as large as my hand, a yellowish color, and scale off. You can imagine how offensive it was. For twelve years I was afflicted with this trouble. At night it was a case of scratch and many times no rest at all. Seeing the good the S.S.S. was doing a friend who was taking it for Eczema, I commenced it, and as a result the eruption began to dry up and disappear, and to-day I am practically a well man. Only two tiny spots are left on the elbow and shin, where once the whole body was affected. I have every confidence in the medicine, and feel sure that in a short time these two remaining spots will disappear. S. S. S. is certainly a great blood purifier, and has done me a world of good. I am grateful for what it has accomplished, and trust that what I have said will lead others who are similarly afflicted to take the remedy and obtain the same good results that I have.

125 East Fifth Ave. JOHN F. LEAR.

While washes, soaps, salves and powder relieve temporarily, they do not reach the real cause of the disease. The blood must be purified before the cure is permanent. S.S.S. contains no potash, arsenic or mineral of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our book on the skin and its diseases, which is mailed free. Our physicians will cheerfully advise without charge any who write us about their case.

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TOO DIFFICULT
In a Pennsylvania town where 'The Friends' abound a prim old Quaker spinster one day attended the marriage of her grandnephew, a young person who had in the course of his twenty-four years received much needed discipline at her hands.

The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and as a piece in the wedding breakfast her young relative looked over at her with a beguiling smile.

"Tell us why thee never married, Aunt Polly?" he said, laughing.

"That is none of thy business," said the old Quakeress, calmly. "It was because I was not as they pleased at thy wife was."

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